

# THE DAYSPRING.

*"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."*

OLD SERIES. }  
Vol. XXIII. }

FEBRUARY, 1872.

{ NEW SERIES.  
{ Vol. I. No. 2.



THE FRIENDS.

## TO MY READERS.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I am exceedingly gratified with the cordial reception you have given me, and the kind and appreciative words you have been pleased to utter. I kept you long waiting, because my new outfit required time. The paper-makers, engravers, printers, and folders worked industriously, as soon as they found out what they were to do; but it took some time to decide what should be done. My new form and dress were not early enough agreed upon to enable me to put in a prompt appearance.

I hardly knew at first whether to be pleased with my looks or not. But as soon as I saw myself reflected in your eyes, and felt the warm grasp of your hands, I was more at my ease, and concluded I was not without attractions. I was far from being vain, even then. I wanted to please you, because I wanted a warm place in your hearts. The assurance of your love made me happy.

From ever so many places there came requests that I should visit more of the young people. The Rev. Mr. Cudworth, of East Boston, who didn't like the idea, at first, of my being so different from his dear old "Sunday School Gazette," after having sent me to call upon one hundred and eighty of his Sunday-school scholars, said I must go and call upon a hundred more, which I was very glad to do.

Such things encourage me, and make me feel that I must try my very best to be what my friends wish me, and do what they want me to do. I do not forget, and never mean to forget, the service I

owe to our dear Father in heaven, and that I must work in his vineyard, as Jesus, the Lord of the vineyard, directs. But I know the more true I am to what the Lord demands, the more true I shall be to you all.

You must excuse me once more for a little want of promptness. My first visit was on the last Sunday of January. My second visit will be on the second, or possibly the third, Sunday of February. After that, I hope to greet you regularly on the first Sunday of each month.

Faithfully yours,

THE DAYSPRING.

## NOTICE.

THE same number of copies of "The Dayspring" was sent to the several Sunday schools in January, as was sent of the "Gazette" last year. The same number will be sent the present month, excepting to such schools as have sent in their subscriptions for the present year. All the schools will probably be heard from before the next issue. Of course, where the number sent may happen to exceed the number subscribed for, no charge will be made for the excess.

An extra number of copies of each issue has been printed; so that, for the present, schools desiring an additional number of copies can be supplied.

## THE FRIENDSHIPS OF ANIMALS.

UNDER some circumstances, animals very unlike seem to grow into a liking for each other. Dogs and cats are usually no great



friends. But there have been many instances of a close friendship on their part for each other. Only think of a dog's putting his paws around the neck of a cat that had been hurt, licking her, and seeming to try his best to comfort her!

A cat has even been known to become attached to a bird, and the bird has followed her about as an old friend.

In a menagerie, an elephant and a hippopotamus, that were neighbors, conceived a strong attachment for each other; and the elephant would wind his trunk around the neck of the hippopotamus, and each would, in his own way, express the greatest regard for the other.

The picture on the first page illustrates a very queer instance of friendship. An old horse and a hen spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they seldom saw any creature but each other. Gradually they began to keep together. The hen would rub herself against the legs of the horse, and the horse would look down upon her with an air of satisfaction, and move with the greatest care, so as not to step upon or in any way injure his feathered companion.

For The Dayspring.

#### BUMBLY'S FATE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"BUMBLY dear," said Mamma Bee,  
"Go not near the light," said she.  
Mamma spake; but not a word  
Of it all has Bumbly heard.

Round the candle — zum! zum! zum! —  
Bumbly buzzes through the room;  
Deaf to mamma's shrieking cry, —  
"Bumbly! Bumbly! danger's nigh!"

Bright and red the candle flares;  
Fiery red the death-flame glares.  
In he drops! Farewell to thee,  
Bumbly, bumbly-bee!

Youthful blood! foolish blood!  
There's a thorn beneath the bud!  
Watch not little flames too near,  
Sonny dear!

C. T. B.

For The Dayspring.

#### THAT OLD TESTAMENT.

A GIRL living in the country, who is a reader of the "Dayspring," was very anxious to have a Bible of her own; so this season her pastor gave her one for a Christmas present. It contained pictures and references, and was fastened with clasps, and Fannie was much pleased with the gift.

A few days after she proudly sat down with it to learn her Sunday-school lesson. She read on the Lesson Card that it was the Parable of the "Pearl," and to be found in Matthew, thirteenth chapter. Now, in the school she had always used a Testament, and in the New Testament, as all girls and boys know, Matthew is the first book. Now Fannie knew nothing about the Old Testament, which is the largest part of the Bible. So, supposing she should find her Parable in the first book of her Bible, as usual, diligently sought for it in Genesis. She found the thirteenth chapter, but there were only eighteen verses in it, and the "Pearl of Great Price" was set down as being found at the forty-fifth; and the chapter was all about Abraham and his flocks and herds, and there was not a parable to be found in it.

Fannie persevered for a while, but at last her patience gave out, and she appealed to the young lady of the family in which she lived.

"Oh! Miss Mary!" she said, complainingly, "I can't find my lesson anywhere!"

"Have you the right chapter?" asked Miss Mary.

"Oh, yes!" said Fannie, "it is the thirteenth chapter."

"Well, have you found the right book?" asked Miss Mary again.

"Yes, ma'am," said Fannie: "it is the first book in the Bible."

So Miss Mary looked kindly over Fannie's

shoulder and discovered her mistake, and said : " Oh, I see, Fannie : it is the *Old* Testament you have instead of the *New* ! "

Fannie looked disappointed for a minute, and then she said, with a grieved voice, — " Well, I should not have thought that the minister would have been mean enough to give me an *OLD* Testament ! "

So Miss Mary explained to her that the Bible contained two Testaments, the *Old* and the *New*, that the *Old* was written for the Jews in Hebrew, and the *New* for Christians in Greek. It was a good lesson to learn, for in a Sunday school the other day when the question was asked, —

" In what language was the *Old* Testament first written ? "

Some pupils replied, —

" In Latin ! "

Reader, what do *you* know about the two Testaments ?

For The Dayspring.

## THE NECKLACE OF PEARLS.



UNCLE GEORGE GORDON sat before the fire in his library. He was a nice, rosy-looking old gentleman, with a round, pleasant face, and a warm,

sweet smile, that seemed to say, " I am very happy myself, and I want everybody to be happy ; and I will do all in my power to render them so. "

The library was a large room, with shelves on every side filled with books in rich and substantial bindings. There were beautiful tables, with tops richly inlaid with mosaic work, representing beautiful flowers and foreign birds ; there were also rare pictures painted in Italy, and a curious cabinet of shells. On the table stood a globe filled with

water, in which were gold and silver fishes ; before one of the windows hung a gilded cage containing a pretty yellow canary, who trilled sweet music all day long ; but now his golden head was tucked beneath his wing, for " Dicky " was asleep.

It was a cold and stormy night, and outside the house of Uncle George Gordon were plenty of poor, friendless people hurrying along through the driving storm, to whom a glimpse of the cheery library would have seemed like a peep into fairy land, so different was it from their own wretched homes. Among them was one old woman leading by the hand a little girl of about nine years of age, a pretty, delicate creature, whose long curls of black hair the wind tossed wildly about her pale cheeks. She wore a thin, old shawl, and her shoes but poorly protected her feet.

" Grandma, " said the little girl, whom I shall call Fannie Grey, " will the cruel man turn us out of the house if we do not pay the money to-morrow ? O grandma ! is it no, dreadful ? "

" My darling child, " said her grandmother, " unless the Lord sends us a friend in this our time of trial, we must certainly go from our home, — where I know not. " Here the voice of the old lady trembled. The thought that she must leave her home, with her little orphan granddaughter, was too much to bear.

Mrs. Grey owned a little cottage in the outskirts of the town. A man held a mortgage of two hundred dollars upon it. A mortgage enables the man holding it to take possession of the property, if the money is not paid at the time specified. Mrs. Grey had borrowed the two hundred dollars to defray the expenses of her husband's sickness and funeral, some two years before ; sickness and misfortune had prevented her paying the debt. The holder of the mortgage was a



cruel man, and was going to sell the cottage and turn her into the street.

As Mrs. Grey was passing the house of Mr. Gordon, she slipped on the icy pavement and broke her arm. The cries of little Fannie brought the old gentleman to the door. He helped Mrs. Grey to her feet, and conducted her into his house. Mrs. Grey fainted from pain; Mr. Gordon rang for assistance, and sent for a physician. The bone was set, and Mrs. Grey and Fannie were sent home in a carriage. Mr. Gordon's little niece, a beautiful child of ten years, to whom Fannie had told her troubles, wound her arms round her neck as she was leaving, and said, "Don't cry. Fannie! I know God will not permit the cruel man to trouble you. I'll ask Uncle George to tell him not to." Georgie Gordon then ran to her uncle, and whispered in his ear.

"Certainly, little one," he answered; "go to the housekeeper, and tell her to put a basket of provisions in the carriage, and some jellies."

"Thank you, dear uncle," replied the little girl, as she went on the charitable errand.

That night, in the library, Uncle George displayed to the admiring eyes of his pet, Georgie, a beautiful necklace of pearls, in a rich velvet-lined casket, which he intended as a gift. She took them from the case, clasped them round her neck in great glee, and ran to the mirror to admire them. "Oh, thank you, dear Uncle George!" she said; "thank you for such a beautiful gift." All at once Georgie became thoughtful; then, looking up, she said, "How much did they cost? I know it is not right to ask, but I want to know."

"A very potent reason," laughed he; "but, since I must tell, your foolish old uncle paid two hundred dollars for them."

"Two hundred dollars!" repeated Georgie, "O Uncle George, how I wish I had that

money! Please, dear uncle, take the necklace back, and let me have the money!"

"The money!" echoed her uncle, in astonishment; "what on earth could you do with that sum, child?"

"Pay the mortgage on Mrs. Grey's cottage;" and then she told her uncle Fannie's story.

The tears came into the eyes of kind Mr. Gordon. He clasped his little girl to his heart, and kissed her tenderly. "It shall be as you wish, you dear child!"

The mortgage was paid, and the blessings of the widow and orphan were given to Georgie. As soon as Mrs. Grey's arm was healed, kind ladies found employment for her in sewing and knitting. Fannie was sent to school, and in time became an accomplished scholar.

COUSIN GERTIE.

For The Dayspring.

#### OUR FATHER.

THE winged wanderers of the air,  
They neither sow nor reap;  
Yet ever doth their little lives  
The heavenly Father keep.

If thus the winged tribes of air  
By God's own hand are fed,  
Shall not his dearer children look  
To him for heavenly bread?

Behold the lilies of the field,  
They have no anxious cares;  
Yet Solomon was not arrayed  
In glory such as theirs.

If thus the lilies of the field  
Are clothed with beauty rare,  
Shall not the immortal soul partake  
The heavenly Father's care? G. L. C.

Meadville, Pa.

A LITTLE boy, disputing with his sister about something, said, "It's true, for ma said so; and, if ma says it's so, it is so *if it isn't so.*"

For The Dayspring.

# SUNDAY TALK.



ELL us more of the mountains, as Aunt Sally isn't here to stop it. Wonder why old ladies always want to stop what's pleasant?"

"Not always; and sometimes when they do, because some *young* ladies are exorbitant in wanting every thing their own way. What is the meaning of *exorbitant*, Sarah?"

"Don't know."

"Glad to hear you say that."

"Glad to hear her say she don't know? Thought you always wanted us to know."

"Truth is even better than knowledge, Louisa, and I like to have a child brave, and able to say, — 'I don't know.' Do you know the meaning of *exorbitant*?"

"It means — it means — wanting more than your share."

"That's just it. Now, why shouldn't Aunt Sally, poor woman, who hears so little, who has so few pleasures, and not long to live, why shouldn't she have her way as much, her way even a little more, than children who hear, run, and enjoy, and have probably a long life before them?"

"Aunt Sally's had her life."

"That is true; but it has been, at least the last ten years, very dull and lonely. And now, the last of her family, she has little to look forward to in this life but increasing weakness and pain."

"But the minister said last Sunday old folks should be thinking of heaven."

"So he did; but have you forgotten what he said to the young folks, 'that they might be called home sooner than the aged; and

that they should not lose a day in preparing, too'?"

"If you were going a journey, you would pack your clothes, and set your room in order; and as, at any time, you may be called from earth, you should fold up what few kind deeds you can, and lay up sweet memories; for these are all that you can take on that last journey. And the beauty of these memories and deeds is, that you leave them behind, as well as take them with you. You could not leave money, or land, or houses to your parents, but you can always leave what would be so much more precious to them, a dutiful life. But, children, wouldn't you like to make it pleasant for Aunt Sally the little while she has to live here?"

"Why, we do. We take her the yesterday's paper when it is ever so cold. And that old Martha of hers keeps us waiting till the girls won't stop for us. She scolds us into the bargain, and calls us 'other folks' brats.'"

"That is not at all civil; but you must not forget that Martha minds going up and down stairs more than you do. But do you never call her names?"

"Sometimes. I called her yesterday 'Marthy Crosspatch.'"

"Did Sarah?"

"Yes, aunty: I called her so two or three times."

"I am very sorry Louisa set you so bad an example, and that you followed it. It only showed that you were no more of ladies than Martha."

"Oh, *she* isn't a lady! She lives out!"

"Your idea of a lady, then, is of one who has a husband or father to work for her, and so is not obliged to work for her living. Now the true idea of a lady, the Christian idea of a lady, is of one who, whether she works with her hands or her head, is a *gentle*-woman. And that I hope my little girls will become;



then they will be fit for heaven or earth ; then their heaven will be begun on earth, — for the kingdom of heaven is within you. And among many ways to become *gentle*-women, one of the best is to be respectful and kind to the aged."

"Sarah and I make Aunt Sally Christmas presents, besides taking the paper : what more can we do ?"

"Let Aunt Sally have her own way. Let her have her own views about what children do now-a-days. Modulate your voice so she can hear distinctly, but without pain ; not go and bellow in her ear, till, deaf as she is, she shrinks from you. Listen patiently to her stories, though you know them by heart ; for it is a great pleasure to her to tell them. To her they are as fresh as if acted out yesterday. Above all, don't make faces at Sarah when Aunt Sally makes a loud noise eating."

"I made a face back," said Sarah ; "but I light matches without jumping, and eat oatmeal as if I liked it."

"And I haven't screamed half so often to Aunt Sally the last year. Ben promised not to make fun of Sarah, but going to boarding-school he's not been able to keep *his* rules."

"Well, it did him no harm to make good resolutions. And I don't doubt they've helped him keep the peace with the boys. And he has written many a pleasant word to Sarah, though he has had a chance to speak but few."

"I've tied Ben's letters up with a blue ribbon ; and I mean to keep them always, they're so funny, and have such nice pictures in them. I like Ben dearly, he's grown as mild as White Boots."

"It's easy to be mild on paper. But Ben has improved ; and if he should happen to forget once or twice, and vex us in the vacation, we'll not forget his pleasant letters. I hope we are all a little better than last year at this time. What a shame it would be to

have twelve months, with their 365 days, go by, and find us the same old sixpence as when January 1st began. And if we are no better, we are worse ; for we can't stand still, we are always going backward or forward. I have noticed one or two ways in which you have been better children this year ; and I am not sure that you have not remembered your rules better than I have, for I have forgotten to read mine often."

"Sunday true, aunt ?"

"Sunday true. Children, you don't know how it helps grown folks to see little ones walking with their small candles trimmed and burning."

"Does it, aunt ?" asked Sarah. "Then I'll brighten mine this year to light us both."

"Thank you, dear. That is better than giving presents. Our hearts are full at the end of the year, and we want to give something to every one ; but we are apt to forget to give on the 'every-day' days pleasant words and little acts of kindness. This would be the true way to live, not to neglect the Christmas gifts, but to make presents of smiles all the year through."

"Aunt Sally hates to see people grinning all the time."

"I meant, Louisa, a smile in the heart ; but that often brings a smile to the lips : a pleasant heart, a pleasant face. But we must make rules again *this* year."

"The same ones ?"

"Why, no, you'll hardly forget the old ones."

"How we do wander from the mountains !"

"That's the beauty of talk. Did you ever think what a gift is speech ? There sits White Boots, solemn as a judge, but never a word to throw to a dog."

"She can spit at him. But she don't *think*, aunt. What could she say ?"

"White Boots is a knowing cat. She has

had a large family. She treats her kitties alike; and stops treating when they can shift for themselves. She lets baby pull her tail, because she knows he knows no better. White Boots looks as wise as an owl."

"An owl sees only in the night."

"And we see only in the day. White Boots sees day and night. How I wish she could tell us of all the wonders she sees when she runs about the fields, and watches the noisy insects that come out when we go to sleep. But to go back to Aunt Sally: I wish you could have seen what a pretty picture she made in her rocking-chair last night, as with her eyes closed, her hands folded, and the moon turning her white hair to silver, she sang an old psalm tune. I heard Jenny Lind sing, but she did not touch my heart as did Aunt Sally singing, 'That will be joyful, joyful, when I wipe my weeping eyes.' I thought of her in Heaven, safe home at last, with Aunt Eunice, no longer dumb, speaking to her, and near for ever her dear father and mother; and, above all, with the dear Father who had led her like a little child in her old age. I felt I could never grow impatient again with her not liking cousin Lucy and my going to the mountains."

"Would Aunt Sally like my tomato cushion?" asked Sarah, with shining eyes. "I think I could give it up."

"How you always want to *give* the minute you pity!" said Louisa.

"Perhaps, between us, we could make one: that would render it more valuable to her. Come to think of it, I don't know we could make a better resolution for the year 1872 than that we would, one and all, do all we can to make it a happy year for dear Aunt Sally."

E. P. C.

*A good word for a bad one is worth much, and costs little.*

## GOD SEES US.

ONE day the famous astronomer, Mitchell, was engaged in making some observations of the sun, and as it descended towards the horizon, just as it was setting, there came into the rays of the great telescope the top of a hill seven miles away. On the top of that hill was a large number of apple-trees, and in one of them were two boys stealing apples. They had looked all around, and felt certain that nobody saw them. But there sat Professor Mitchell, seven miles away, with the great eye of his telescope directed fully upon them, seeing every movement they made as plainly as if he had been under the tree with them.

So it is often with men. Because they do not see the eye which watches with a sleepless vigilance, they think they are not seen. But the great open eye of God is upon them, and not an action can be concealed. There is not a deed, there is not a word, there is not a thought which is not known to God. If man can penetrate, with the searching eye which science constituted for his use, the wide realm of the material heavens, shall not He who sitteth upon their circuit be able to know all that transpires upon the earth, which he has made the resting-place of his feet? Let the three little words at the head of this article not be forgotten, but let young and old remember the great truth which they contain. Thou God, seest me.

Selected.

## SMILES AND TEARS.

BOTH swords and guns are strong, no doubt,  
And so are tongue and pen,  
And so are sheaves of good bank-notes,  
To sway the souls of men;  
But guns and swords and gold and thought,  
Though mighty in their sphere,  
Are often poorer than a smile,  
And weaker than a tear.

Children's Hour.



## THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH.

*Music arranged for THE DAYSPRING from a Greek Boat-Song, by J. H. W.*

"My soul waiteth for the Lord more than the watchman for the Morning;  
Yea, more than they that watch for the Morning." — PSALM 130.

Words from "Spirit of the Psalms," slightly changed.

Great God, wert thou ex - treme to mark The deeds we do a - miss,

Be - fore Thy presence who could stand, Who claim thy promised bliss?

*Rall.*

But oh! all mer - ci - ful and just, Thy love and grace surpass our thought,

A gracious Sav - iour has appeared, And peace and par - don brought.

2 Thy servants in the temple watched  
The dawning of the Day,  
Impatient with its earliest beams  
Their holy vows to pay;  
And chosen saints far off beheld  
That great, that bright, and glorious Morn,  
When the glad Dayspring from on high  
Auspiciously should dawn.

3 On us the Sun of Righteousness  
Its brightest beams hath poured:  
With grateful hearts and holy zeal,  
Lord, be thy love adored;  
And let us look, with joyful hope,  
To that more blest and glorious Day,  
Before whose brightness death and grief  
And sin shall flee away.

## SAINT JOHN.

MR. LONGFELLOW has published a new work, the "Divine Tragedy." In this he tells the story of the life of Jesus, bringing in the beautiful words of Jesus almost as we have them in the New Testament.

In the "New York Tribune," at the close of an appreciative notice of this work, is given this poem from the same author. When the "Divine Tragedy" is published in its proper connection with other pieces, this is intended to be placed at the close.

Just before the ascension of Jesus, at an interview with his disciples, Peter, referring to Saint John, said, "And what shall this man do?" The Saviour answered, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" The poet from this has imagined John wandering over the earth, waiting for the coming of Christ's kingdom: that is, waiting for all people to become Christians, and do God's will as Jesus did. Then he imagines John, seeing that the kingdom, even after so long waiting, does not yet come, speaking in this beautiful way.

The poem is a song of faith, and finds its echo in every Christian heart. It is an excellent piece for recitation by some of the older scholars at Sunday-school concerts.

The Ages come and go,  
The Centuries pass as Years;  
My hair is as white as the snow,  
My feet are weary and slow,  
The earth is wet with my tears!  
The kingdoms crumble, and fall  
Apart, like a ruined wall,  
Or a bank that is undermined  
By a river's ceaseless flow,  
And leave no trace behind!  
The world itself is old;  
The portals of time unfold  
On hinges of iron, that grate  
And groan with the rust and the weight,  
Like the hinges of a gate  
That hath fallen to decay;  
But the evil doth not cease;  
There is war instead of pence;  
Instead of love there is hate;  
And still I must wander and wait,

Still I must watch and pray,  
Not forgetting in whose sight  
A thousand years in their flight  
Are as a single day.

The life of man is a gleam  
Of light, that comes and goes  
Like the course of a Holy Stream,  
The cityless river, that flows  
From fountains no one knows,  
Through the Lake of Galilee,  
Through forests and level lands,  
Over rocks, and shallows, and sands  
Of a wilderness wild and vast,  
Till it findeth its rest at last  
In the desolate Dead Sea!  
But alas! alas for me,  
Not yet this rest shall be!

What, then! doth Charity fail?  
Is Faith of no avail?  
Is Hope blown out like a light  
By a gust of wind in the night?  
The clashing of creeds, and the strife  
Of the many beliefs, that in vain  
Perplex man's heart and brain,  
Are naught but the rustle of leaves,  
When the breath of God upheaves  
The boughs of the Tree of Life,  
And they subside again!  
And I remember still  
The words, and from whom they came,  
Not he that repeateth the name,  
But he that doeth the will!

And Him evermore I behold  
Walking in Galilee,  
Through the cornfield's waving gold,  
In hamlet, in wood, and in wold,  
By the shores of the Beautiful Sea.  
He toucheth the sightless eyes;  
Before him the demons flee;  
To the dead he saith: Arise!  
To the living: Follow me!  
And that voice still soundeth on  
From the centuries that are gone,  
To the centuries that shall be!

From all vain pomps and shows,  
From the pride that overflows,  
And the false conceits of men;  
From all the narrow rules  
And subtleties of Schools,  
And the craft of tongue and pen;  
Bewildered in its search,  
Bewildered with the cry:  
Lo, here! lo, there, the Church!  
Poor, sad Humanity  
Through all the dust and heat  
Turns back with bleeding feet,  
By the weary road it came,  
Unto the simple thought  
By the great Master taught,  
And that remaineth still:  
Not he that repeateth the name,  
But he that doeth the will!





## SNOW-BIRDS.

WHO does not love the little snow-birds? They come in their

bluish-gray coats, and hop round in the snow with their little bare feet, picking up all the crumbs they can

find under your windows and about your doors for their breakfast.

Who has not looked out of the window just as Emma and Martha are doing in the picture, and watched the plump little birds making their morning meal, or eating their dinner, off their nice white table-cloth?

When the ground and all the little plants are covered with snow, so that the birds cannot get seed, then they come up close to the houses and get the crumbs, and to the barns to pick up the hay-seed that has been scattered about. You must not forget the little birdies, but throw your crumbs outdoors for them.

About a fortnight ago, a large flock of snow-birds came into my garden, picked off the seeds from the weeds that were sticking up above the snow, and got a nice feast of crumbs under the kitchen windows. When the milkman came, they all flew into a pear-tree.

I have not seen them since that morning. It has been so cold that I guess they concluded to go a little farther south, and find some warmer weather. They do not like very warm weather. They are just as merry as can be in the coldest of days. But when the snow is deep, they have hard work to find food enough; so they sometimes fly off to warmer places.

May be, as the snow has gone, they are in the fields and woods, eating seeds and dormant insects, and having a good time. If there comes a good, hard snow-storm, I guess they will come back again. I hope they will. They shall have as many crumbs as they can eat.

The birds that spend the summer with us go south to spend the winter, where it is not cold, and there is no snow. The little snow-bird that spends his winter with us goes north in the spring, and spends his summer in colder regions.

Sometimes robins are seen in the winter. One winter morning, some years ago, I heard a bird singing as sweetly as the birds sing in the spring days. I looked out of the window, and there was a flock of robins on a cherry-tree; and one bird near the top was pouring forth his little song, making most charming music. I love dearly to hear the birds sing, but I never heard a bird-song that made me so happy as that did.

A good friend saw the birds, and listened to the music with me. She made a little song, and sung it that day. Here it is:—

In the winter morning early,  
Upon a leafless tree,  
In the cheerless wintry morning,  
A bird sang merrily.



Oh, the happy little creature !

My heart was filled with glee,  
As I heard his ringing music,  
So joyous and so free.

For he warbled of the summer,  
Its days of warmth and rest ;  
When the clust'ring leaves should cover  
His little downy nest.

And I doubted not his partner,  
Among the birdies near,  
Found more music in the story  
Than I had gift to hear.

It was love inspired the songster  
To ply his holy art ;  
Love that, e'en in coldest winter,  
Makes summer in the heart.

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### THE FIRST PAGE.

ONE little girl asked her father if the same picture would be on the first page of every number.

She sees a different picture this month, and every month a new picture will come.

I hope she will like the old horse and hen that have become such good friends.

A little boy, whom they call Winnie, made his sister Alice laugh by saying that the sun had gone down in that picture last month. But how was a little boy to tell a sunrise picture from a sunset picture ?

The artist gave a very good

morning look to the clouds, but little boys have not learned to tell morning clouds from evening clouds. Perhaps, if he had made a boy driving a cow into a pasture, and a rooster on the fence stretching his neck, as if crowing, the little boy would have known it was a morning picture.

The same little boy, the morning after, when it was snowing very hard, looked 'way up into the clouds, and said the air was "full of bugs."

That made Alice laugh too, and she looked up to see the bugs. The snow-flakes, 'way up high, where they looked dark, moving so gently, did seem like a great swarm of insects.

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### THE BOY WITH A BLACK EYE.

"HARRY, where did you get that black eye ?" said a school-teacher one day to a sprightly-looking boy.

"I had rather not tell you, sir," replied the boy firmly, but with a respectful manner.

"But I wish to know," said the teacher.

"Excuse me, sir ; but I cannot tell you," said the boy.

"Then I must whip you !" the master added.

Harry bore the whipping in silence, though he felt he did not deserve it.

He ought to have answered his teacher's question ; but, as he could not do so without telling of his defence of a poor little boy who was being oppressed by two older ones, he bore his whipping in silence. That noble boy was SIR HENRY HAVELOCK !

Well-Spring.

## GOD IS LOVE.

[The following has been prepared as a concert-exercise for the little ones. The motto, "God is Love," may be put up in evergreen letters, or in printed or painted letters, large enough to be seen across the vestry or church. Each letter must have a strip of paper pinned over it, or be in some way concealed. The first scholar comes forward, removes whatever conceals the G, and, facing the audience, recites the first verse. The second scholar proceeds in the same way, reciting the second verse. And so on, till all the verses are recited. The nine scholars are then standing in line, facing the audience.]

If more convenient, a larger scholar or a teacher may remove the coverings from the letters.

Another way is to have the letters on pieces of pasteboard held by the scholars. As they stand in line, holding the pieces together, the motto can be read.

Still another way is, to arrange so that the letters can be fixed in place as they are brought up by the children. Let the last scholar, when reciting "God is Love," point to the motto.]

## G

GOD, my Maker, kind and good,  
Gives me health and home and food;  
Makes me happy every day,  
When I rest or when I play.

## O

Oh! I'll try to love him well.  
All his goodness who can tell?  
He has been so kind to me,  
True and faithful I must be.

## D

Do I love him as I ought?  
He loves me beyond my thought.  
I will love him better still,  
Try in all to do his will.

## I

I am but a little child,  
Yet upon me he has smiled,—  
Given me every thing I need;  
Nothing can his love exceed.

## S

Safe he keeps me night and day,  
Lets me to him daily pray;  
Answers all my little prayers,  
For my little troubles cares.

## L

Loving Father! Mighty Lord!  
How I prize thy Holy Word!  
I will read its pages o'er,  
Learn to love thee more and more.

## O

Of my blessed Saviour learn,  
Whose dear heart for me did yearn,  
How to love thee and obey,  
Walk the straight and narrow way.

## V

Very glad am I to know  
God, the Holy, loveth so;  
I will trust him while I live,  
All my heart will to him give.

## E

Early in the days of youth,  
Let us learn this golden truth:  
GOD IS LOVE, and they who love  
Children are of God above.

[The following may now be sung by the children, to the tune of "Walk in the Light," the school joining in the chorus.]

SWEET the words of Holy Writ,—  
God is love! God is love!  
He the Great, the Infinite,  
Is a God of Love.



Sweeter words can never be, —  
 God is love! God is love!  
 How they lift the heart to thee,  
 Who art God of Love!

*Chorus.* — Let us live in the love,  
 In the love, in the love;  
 Let us live in the love,  
 In the love of God.

Angels sing the holy song, —  
 God is love! God is love!  
 We may join the happy throng,  
 In the love of God.  
 Let us learn the joyful strain, —  
 God is love! God is love!  
 And the heights of bliss attain,  
 In the love of God.

*Chorus.* — Let us live in the love, &c.

### SUNSHINE ALL AROUND US.

"FATHER," said my little boy, "I think my geranium acts strangely. I placed the pot in the window, and all the leaves and branches grow to one side, towards the sunlight. Will it do better if I put it in another window?"

"No, my son," said I, showing him how to remedy the habit of the plant; "but can you tell me why it does not grow as well here as it did in the garden?"

He considered a moment, and then replied, "I suppose it is because the plant does not have the sunshine all around it here."

"Right, my boy; and so it is with us. Unless we are surrounded by the sunlight of Truth and Righteousness every day of our lives, our souls will gradually become distorted and barren; for, unlike your geranium, we shall not grow *towards* the light, but away from it."

HENRY MORE.

### THE BEST THAT I CAN.

"I CANNOT do much," said a little star,  
 "To make the dark world bright;  
 My silvery beams cannot struggle far  
 Through the folding gloom of night;  
 But I'm only a part of God's great plan,  
 And I'll cheerfully do the best I can."

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud,  
 "Of these few drops that I hold?  
 They will hardly bend the lily proud,  
 Though caught in her cup of gold;  
 Yet I am a part of God's great plan,  
 So my treasure I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play;  
 But a thought, like a silver thread,  
 Kept winding in and out all day  
 Through the happy, golden head:  
 Mother said, "Darling, do all you can,  
 For you are a part of God's great plan."

She knew no more than the glancing star,  
 Nor the cloud with its chalice full,  
 How, why, and for what all strange things were, —  
 She was only a child at school!  
 But she thought, "It is part of God's great plan  
 That even I should do all I can."

She helped a younger child along,  
 When the road was rough to the feet,  
 And she sang from her heart a little song  
 That we all thought passing sweet;  
 And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,  
 Said, "I will do likewise the best that I can."

Our best? Ah, children! the best of us  
 Must hide our faces away,  
 When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look  
 At our task at the close of the day!  
 But for strength from above ('tis the Master's plan)  
 We'll pray, and we'll do the best we can.

Selected.

### "FATHER KNOWS."

A GENTLEMAN was one day opening a box of dry goods. His little son was standing near, and, as his father took the packages from the box, he laid some of them upon the arm of the boy. A young friend and playmate of the merchant's son was standing by, looking on. As parcel after parcel was laid upon the arm of the boy, his friend began to fear his load was becoming too heavy, and said, —

"Johnny, don't you think you've got as much as you can bear?"

"Never mind," answered Johnny, in a sweet, happy tone, "father knows how much I can carry."

Brave, trusting little fellow! He did not grow restless or impatient under the burden. There was no danger, he felt, that his father would lay too heavy a load on him. His father knew his strength, or rather the weakness of that little arm, and would not overtask it. More than all, his father loved him, and therefore would not harm him. It is such a spirit of loving trust in him that God desires all his children to possess.

#### THE PILGRIM.

"GENTLE pilgrim, tell me, why  
Dost thou fold thine arms, and sigh,  
And wistful cast thine eyes around?  
Whither, pilgrim, art thou bound?"

"The road to Zion's gate I seek:  
If thou canst inform me, speak."

"Keep yon right-hand path with care, —  
Though crags obstruct and brambles tear:  
You just discern a narrow track;  
Enter there, and turn not back."

"Say where that pleasant pathway leads,  
Winding down yon flowery meads?  
Songs and dance the way beguiles,  
Every face is dressed in smiles."

"Shun with care that flowery way;  
'Twill lead thee, pilgrim, far astray."

"Guide or counsel do I need?"

"Pilgrim! he who runs may read."

"Is the way that I must keep  
Crossed by waters wide and deep?"

"Did it lead through flood and fire,  
'Thou must not stop! thou must not tire!"

"Till I have my journey past,  
Tell me, will the daylight last?  
Will the sky be bright and clear  
Till the evening shades appear?"

"Though the sun now rides so high,  
Clouds may veil the evening sky.  
Fast sinks the sun, fast wears the day:  
'Thou must not stop! thou must not stay!  
God speed thee, pilgrim, on thy way!"

Mrs. Barbauld.

#### FOUR SERVANTS OF SATAN.

SATAN has a great many servants; and they are very busy running about, doing all the harm they can. I know four of them, and some of the mischief which they have done. I found out their names, and I want to put you on your guard against them, for they are very sly. They will make believe to be your friends. They appear sociable, easy, good-natured, and not too much in a hurry. They seem to wait your own time, and entice you when you least expect it.

"Oh! we want you to enjoy yourselves," they say, "and not be so particular." And the arguments they use are very taking; at least, I must think so, since so many of the young listen to them, and are led away by them.

And all, I believe, because they did not know, in the first place, who was speaking to them. They were deceived. They did not see it was Satan's uniform they had on. Do you ask for their names? Here they are:—

"*There's no danger.*" That is one.

"*Only this once.*" That is another.

"*Everybody does so,*" is the third; and

"*By and by*" is the fourth.

Dear children, be on your guard against these four servants of Satan, in little things as well as in great ones; for their only aim is to harm and ruin you.

British Messenger.

## THE DAYSPRING,

(FORMERLY SUNDAY SCHOOL GAZETTE,)

Published Monthly by the

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

(JOHN KNEELAND, Secretary.)

42 CHANCY STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . . 30 cents.  
Four copies to one address . . \$1.00.

Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.